

10 The Wicked

46.

WIFE,

Mary of Glenkilloch,

AND

Up with the Orange:

65



ALKIRK, Printed by T. JONSTON.

(2)

THE WICKED WIFE.

I thought when first I got a wife,
a happy pair we'd be,
But she proves the torment of my life;
we never can agree.

For what I thought my greatest bliss,
is curse beyond comparè;
and yet the worst of all is this,
she's mine for ever-mair.

• And she's ay, ay plaguing me,
she's ay plaguing me;
She proves the torment of my life,
we never can agree.

Of honey-months I've heard and read,
and hop'd to taste them too;
But ah! I'm grievously afraid
there's little of them true:
A wicked wife's the warst of a',
at least it seems to me:
My rib she flytes frae morn till night,
we're never like to 'gree.

• And she's ay, ay banging me;

And when to seriousness I'm bent,
she's a'together mad.
When I could like to hear her speak,
she chuses to be dumb;
And when her silence much I seek,
she rattles like a drum.

And she's ay, ay deaving me, &c.

That wedlock is a Paradise,
let those that ken it tell;
But yet in my opinion
it's little less than hell:
But hope and comfort yet remain,
comfort, and no more,
Death will come and break the chain,
and free me from her power.

And she'll soon, soon bury me, &c.

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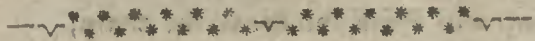
MARY OF GLENKILLOCH.

Will ye go to Glenkilloch, Mary,
where the burnie fa's owre the linn?
Its murmurs are dear to me Mary,
when borne on the fast breathing win'.

The Sun sheds his beams, my Mary,
 on the white-blossom'd Hawthorn tree;
 But his beams are nought to me, Mary,
 compar'd with thy love-glancing e'e.

The Wood-lark sings sweet, my Mary,
 at eve, in the green leafy grove;
 But his strains are still sweeter, my Mary,
 when with thee I joyfully rove.

Haste then to the glen, my Mary,
 ere summer frae us will be gane:
 O say that thou lovest me Mary,
 'twill ease my fond heart o' its pain.



UP WITH THE ORANGE.

ATTENTION give both great and small,
 I've got a Song that will please you all,
 Now BUONAPARTE has run away,
 He's afraid to fight another day;
 He is only gone to tak a nap,
 And lay his head on Lucy's lap:
 Dear BUONA' stay at home, says she,
 And go no more to Germany.

A week indeed, and scarce that same,
 a pleasing thing she was;
 But e'er the second Sabbath came,
 she made me cry alas!

How oft since that I've cry'd alas!
 it's needles here to tell;
 But if the fau't be on my side,
 the jade she kens herself.

And she's ay, ay tempting me, &c.

I canno' ca' my house my ain,
 nor any thing that's in't;
 And if I chance but once to frown,
 me flies like fire frae flint.

My very hair I canno' cut,
 my cloaths I canno' wear
 In any other fashon but
 what's pleasing to my dear.

And she's ay, ay ruling me, &c.

She kens I like exceedingly,
 a dainty dish o' meat;
 But she cooks it up so dirtily,
 that a bit I canno' eat:

And if I chance to wring my mouth,
 or even shake my head,

She bawls, You're very nice forsooth!
and bids me chew my quid.

And she's ay, ay starving me, &c:

Altho' I am as patient ay
as Socrates or Job,
Yet my ill-natur'd Jezebel
full soundly does me drub;
And when her barlick-hoods are on,
(which is right oft the case,)
What first she lays her hands upon,
comes whack across my face!

And she's ay, ay thumping me, &c.

No man can relish more than I,
a bottle and a friend;
But this is what I ne'er enjoy,
lest I should her offend.
Last night my neighbour Tom and I,
fat down, our throats to wet,
She thunder'd out so dreadfully,
I think I hear her yet!

And she's ay, ay deaving me, &c.

When I'm dispos'd for merriment,
she's certain to be sad:

My mind has been so fill'd with cares,
 I can't abide the Russian bears;
 If they should on you lay their paws,
 You will be nothing in their jaws!
 Besides, there is your little boy,
 You said he was your only joy!
 Then stay at home, my dear, said she,
 And go no more to Germany!

O Louisa, don't grieve me so,
 To think I can no longer crow:
 The Dutchmen too do on me frown,
 And drove my brother from the crown:
 I think I hear their voices ring,
 The Prince of Orange shall be King!
 These things will surely break my heart,
 And you will lose your BONAPARTE!

The Dutchmen they will plow the seas,
 And bring us butter, fish, and cheese,
 With every thing that they can spare,
 Now to Great Britain they will bear:
 The ports will all be open wide
 For other articles beside;
 So Dutchmen let your voices ring,
 The Prince of Orange shall be King!

I hope we shall not long complain,
 For trade will be so brisk again,
 That poor men may get work to do,
 Provisions may be cheaper too;
 At Christmas I shall think no sin
 To take a glass of Holland's gin,
 To cheer our voice, and make us sing,
 The Prince of Orange shall be King.

Success attend our noble Guards,
 And may they meet with good rewards,
 The Prince of Orange to attend;
 No doubt but he will be their friend.
 So wives and sweethearts cease to mourn,
 No fear but they will safe return;
 So let your voices loudly ring,
 The Prince of Orange shall be King.

F I N I S.



Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.